

STATE LIBRARY OF MASSACHUSETTS

OCT 4 1941

OCTOBER 1941 STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY
FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY
TO ANIMALS & THE AMERICAN
HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



The
**New England
Trust Company**
Boston

Administers Bequests
to Charity
Education—Science

Main Office
135 Devonshire Street
Corner of Milk St.

Back Bay Branch
99 Newbury Street

KEEP YOUR DOGS

Free From Worms

NEMA
WORM CAPSULES

Use Nema Capsules to remove large roundworms and hookworms. Effective—Dependable.

FREE Send for Nema booklet No. 652.
Write to Animal Industry Dept., Desk N58K
PARKE, DAVIS & CO., DETROIT, MICH.
Drug Stores Sell Parke-Davis Products

Compliments of
GALLUP and HADLEY
Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law
DANA T. GALLUP 6 BEACON ST.,
EDWIN W. HADLEY BOSTON, MASS.

**NEW ENGLAND ANTI-GAMBLING
ASSOCIATION, INC.**
6 BEACON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

"We compliment the M. S. P. C. A. on its noble work to prevent cruelty to racing animals."
EDWIN W. HADLEY, President

Since 1832
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, Inc.
Undertakers
BOSTON—BROOKLINE—CAMBRIDGE
City and out-of-town service

Humane Literature and Band of Mercy Supplies

For sale by the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., at these prices, postpaid.

Titles in bold-face type are of books or booklets

Our Dumb Animals , 1940, bound volume	\$1.00	Foreword from "Michael Brother of Jerry" \$0.30 per 100
Our Dumb Animals , 1936, 1937, and 1939 bound volume, each	.75	
Colored Posters, 17 x 28 inches, attractive pictures and verses, six in set	1.00	
Colored Posters, 17 x 22 inches, eight in the set	.5 cts. each; eight for 35 cts.	
Be Kind to Animals Blotters, 6 1/2 x 3 3/4	\$0.50 per 100	

About the Horse

Black Beauty (English), cloth	50 cts.
The Horse—Treatment of Sores, etc.	\$0.60 per 100
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 5	.50 "
The Horse's Prayer	.30 "
The Bell of Atri, poem by Longfellow	.50 "

About the Dog

Beautiful Joe , new, illus., \$1.50	small, 50 cts.
Distemper in Dogs, Dr. Schneider	Free
Rabies vs. Running Fits, Dr. Schneider	Free
Eulogy on the Dog, by Vest, post-card	\$1.00 per 100
The Dog—Its Care in Health and Disease	.60 "
Suggestions for Feeding Dogs	2.00 "
Important Advice on Feeding the Dog and the Cat — by Dr. Rudolph H. Schneider	1.00 "
Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 3 and 4	.50 "
The Story of Barry	.30 "
Boots' Day, Play, for two boys and three girls	.3 cts. each; five for 10 cts.

About the Bird

The Birds of God , 318 pp., illus.	cloth, \$0.45
Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 1 and 2	\$0.50 per 100
How the Birds Help the Farmer	.50 "
The Air-Gun and the Birds	.50 "

About the Cat

The Cat—Its Care in Health and Disease	\$0.60 per 100
The Cat in Literature	.50 "
Do Not Leave Your Cat to Starve	.50 "
"The Beggar Cat," post-card, 6 cts. doz.	.50 "

About Other Animals

The Strike at Shane's , cloth, 30 cts.	paper, 7 cts.
For Pity's Sake	paper, 5 cts.
The Great Cruelty Again, Dr. Rowley	Free
First Aid to Animals, Dr. Schneider, 8 pp.	\$1.00 per 100
Gripped in the Teeth of Steel, 2 pp.	.50 "
How to Kill Animals Humanely, 4 pp.	1.00 "
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 6, Animals	.50 "
Ways of Kindness	.50 "
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 7, Farm Animals	.50 "
A Wise Fish	.50 "
Care of Rabbits	.30 "
Hints on the Care of Cows	.50 "
Directions for the Care of Swine	1.00 "
Professor Frog's Lecture, 8 pp.	.75 "
Why the Toad is so Useful	.30 "

The Jack London Club

Michael Brother of Jerry, Jack London, cloth, 75 cts.	
What is the Jack London Club?	\$0.30 per 100

Please enclose remittance with orders for less than \$1

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Humane Education

The Animal or the Child , Dr. Rowley	Free
Humane Education , by Dr. Francis H. Rowley	Free
The Relation of the Home to Character Formation , Dr. Francis H. Rowley	Free
Humane Education and Spiritual Values, Dr. Rowley	Free
For Parents and Teachers, Plan of Work	Free
A Great Prophecy, Dr. Rowley	Free
The Humane Bulletin , for use in schools	96 pp. .12 cts. each; ten for \$1.00
Care and Kindness for Our Animal Friends , 32 pp., paper covers, many illus.	.10 cts. each; twelve for \$1.00
Kindness Picture Book , 32 pp., 10 cts.; twelve for \$1.00	
The Teacher's Helper in Humane Education , 32 pp.	each, 10 cts.
An Early Start to Kindness , Lucia F. Gilbert, 48 pp. For first and second grades	each 10 cts.
"Be Kind to Animals" pennants	each 25 cts.
The Humane Idea , Dr. Francis H. Rowley	cloth, 35 cts.
Friends and Helpers (selections for school use) Sarah J. Eddy	cloth, \$1.00
A Place for Pets, play	.2 cts. each; six for 10c.
The B-K-T-A-Club, play, 3 cts. each; ten for 25c.	
"And a Little Child Shall Lead Them," play	.3 cts. each; ten for 25c.
Friends of Fur and Feather, play	.3 cts. each; ten for 25 cts.
Humane Sunday	1c. each
I'll Never Hunt Again, play 3 cts. each; five for 10 cts.	
The Best Gift, play	.2 cts. each; six for 10 cts.
Humane Exercises	\$1.50 per 100
Humane Education the Vital Need, Dr. Rowley, short radio address, 2 cts. each; 50 "	
Humane Education, What to Teach and How to Teach It	.50 "
Outlines of Study in Humane Education	1.50 "
Early Lessons in Kindness or Cruelty	.50 "
A Talk with the Teacher	.50 "
Our Love for Animals, a short radio address	.2 cts. each; 1.00 "
A Festival of Tender Mercies	.50 "
Need of Humane Education Societies and Methods of Forming Them	.50 "
How to Organize a Society for the Protection of Animals	.50 "
Incidents about Animals, by Geo. T. Angell	1.00 "

Band of Mercy

"Be Kind to Animals Buttons," three styles—Band of Mercy, Humane Society, or S. P. C. A.	\$1.00 per 100
Buttons—white star on blue ground with gilt letters and border, one cent each	1.00 "
Badges, gold finish, large, 10 cts., small	5 cts.
"Band of Mercy" pennant	35 cts.
Songs of Happy Life , with music, S. J. Eddy	50 cts.
Songs of Happy Life (56 pages, words only)	\$3.00 per 100
Band of Mercy Membership Card	.50 "
How to Form Bands of Mercy	.50 "
Does It Pay, Story of one Band of Mercy	.30 "

**THIS SPACE
CONTRIBUTED**

PIMPLES
and similar unsightly, externally caused irritations usually relieved by daily care with Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Buy BOTH today!

CUTICURA SOAP & OINTMENT

Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1919

Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Vol. 74

October, 1941

No. 10

Still the black shadow of this world-wide and million-murdering war hangs dark over the homes and hearts of men. We hope today; we dread the news of tomorrow. All because of the madness, the crime, the selfishness of a mere handful of men looked upon as the leaders of nations.

In accordance with the practice inaugurated last year, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. presented plaques, suitably inscribed, for the best handling of teams in pulling contests at the various county fairs this autumn.

We hear from Great Britain that British authorities destroyed nearly a million dogs and cats as a humane measure in anticipation of bombing and perhaps poison gas. Now the step is regretted, it is said, as the animal life of Britain is standing up well under the strain.

More dog-food is to be placed on the market in England, according to a letter of the Parliamentary Secretary, than has been permitted. The allocation, it is reported, was one-third of the pre-war consumption, which is now being raised to one-half, though no promise is held out as to what can be done in the future.

Of six men arrested at a cock-fight recently in California, one of them paid a fine of twenty-five dollars; the others were ordered to serve jail sentences of twelve and a half days, in lieu of payment of similar fines. And cock-fighting still goes on in a civilized country—even Massachusetts occasionally disgraced by one of these exhibitions held in some secluded and secret enclosure.

The Mink Fur Business

HOW many minks are caught by traps or other devices for furnishing milady with her beautiful fur garment we do not know, but in a report just issued by the United States Department of the Interior, we are told that in 1940 some 400,000 ranch-raised mink skins were produced in the United States.

It is needless to say that these little fur-bearers must be given, even for economic reasons, the utmost care and attention to keep them in good health so that their skins should reach the market in the finest possible condition.

Humane Societies have long been interested in the method by which these ranch-bred fur-bearers are ultimately put to sleep. There have been charges of cruelty, life being extinguished by methods that must have caused in many instances acute suffering.

In the report above referred to, however, the method of killing is described as follows:

"There are several methods of killing minks, but most of them are based upon the principle of confinement in a small, air-tight box having a small hole through which can be introduced some kind of lethal gas, as carbon monoxide from the exhaust of a car, cyanogas, chloroform, or carbon tetrachloride. If the exhaust of a car is used, provision should be made to guard against the hot fumes striking the animal and singeing the fur."

We should judge from the above that the methods described are far more humane than those under which so great a mass of our food animals are destroyed.

Must You Have a Fur Coat?

WHEN you look for one, do you inquire to learn whether the skin comes from what is known as the "white list"—that is, a skin from such animals as the fox, the mink, the rabbit, the pony, the sheep, the Persian lamb or the American broadtail—that are raised on ranches and that are, it is pretty safe to say, humanely killed, or are you willing to take the skin of one caught in the jaws of the heartlessly cruel steel trap?

The Problem of the Pigeon

THE London pigeon has been encouraged for generations to reproduce itself and expected to find its nourishment from the crumbs that "fall from the Cockney's table." Now, we are told that it is illegal there to supply pigeons even with crumbs, and there is evidence that many of them are starving.

The problem of the pigeon is a serious one. Nearly everyone loves to see these flocks of birds in our cities, many remembered them in the great square in Venice. Children are interested in watching them, and undoubtedly have their attention called by the presence of the bird to their relation to animal life and encouraged to treat all sentient life kindly, but the damage they do in many cases is excessive. Buildings are defiled by them and, in many instances, so serious is the damage done that the law, though protecting them, permits the catching of them humanely in traps when injuring property and humanely putting them to sleep.

Our Society has many times found it most difficult to know what to say to those whose property is being defaced.

Animals in Amusement Concessions

LOUISE DARCY

IT always seems pitiful to me to see animals used in the big, crowded amusement concessions at the beach. The animals look tired or cross; some of them do not look well fed. All of them look unhappy.

At one concession at a beach they have donkeys hitched to small carts continually pulling children through a dark tunnel. The beasts plod around endlessly in the dark without air and light except for the few seconds when they come to the end of their monotonous route. They look patient and terribly sad.

Over there, performing dogs are on exhibition. A whip is cracked and the dogs tumble over each other mechanically. Their eyes are red and their fur is matted. After the show they are herded into a back room until the next performance.

The owners of the animals grow tired and irritable. They are abrupt with their charges. A donkey is kicked; a dog is hit with a whip.

A parrot is urged to talk, and a cageful of parakeets flutter each time people come too near.

It seems odd that so many people cannot realize that animals have feelings, that they do not like to go into abnormal places and occupations. Animals should be as free as humans, not confined or trained and forced to be other than they are.

Noise and constant teasing by children make animals very nervous. Here are some small monkeys in a cage underneath the roller coaster. Each time the car roars over their heads, they jump nervously like human beings. Children poke them with sticks, feed them too much of everything. They look sad and discouraged.

Some day the time may come when human beings will cease to entertain themselves with the discomfort of animals, when they will spend as much time to see that animals are free and contented as they do to visit them in their unnatural places of captivity.

Let us hope that will be soon. An unhappy animal is a memory that does not leave the mind easily. A sensitive and humane person does not like to see friends of fur and feather treated like clowns and prisoners.

Have you read Jack London's book, "Michael Brother of Jerry"?

At the Rodeo

Lalia Mitchell Thornton

Somehow I cannot cheer;
What hurt, what fear,
Lies back of bucking bronchos in the ring?
And when these steers essay
To throw their riders, pray
How were they taught this most unnatural thing?
I add one saving line—
The horsemanship is fine;
But when to give a brutal crowd delight
They rope and tie a calf
I cannot laugh
Sensing the fear that prompts his futile flight.

Speaking of Hunting

"It seemed suddenly a brutal and murderous thing — the game we saw innocently minding its own business, bothering nobody — and here we were going among them dealing death and destruction, to amuse ourselves! If we had been killing because of necessity — because we needed the food or in self defense — but to kill just for sport — it was wanton murder," writes "Gaddis" in "A Song in Her Heart."

"They (the hunters) will drive back later, with a murdered deer strung across their running-board, proud as Punch, that with their guns and their guides and with every modern murder-weapon on their side, they were able to destroy a fine up-standing young animal that never did anybody any harm, and that, as like as not, had a mate and baby somewhere in the swamp, to die without his protection. A fine manly sport, this hunting business!"

Join the Jack London Club, which now has more than 806,500 members, all pledged to do all in their power to stop cruelties in training animals for stage or screen. Write to 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, for full particulars and samples of literature pertaining to this subject.



CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE CHUCKWALLA

Protect the Chuckwalla

WELDON D. WOODSON

WITHIN certain wilderness areas of Western Arizona, southern Nevada and Utah, and the Mojave Desert and Death Valley regions of California, there exists a foot-in-length lizard called the chuckwalla. It is grayish in color, and sometimes has a white tail. Its skin is loose and baggy, like that of an elephant's hide. To the uninitiated it, because of its resemblance in miniature to a dinosaur, may be conceived of as being dangerous. In reality, though, it is incapable of causing the least injury to a human being. If captured its only protest is a flip of its tail. Not only is it harmless in regard to man, but it eats no animal life, being wholly herbivorous. In winter it hibernates, and during the summer months it feeds upon the flower-bud or leaf-parts of the native vegetation.

And yet, despite its innocence, mankind since earliest times has made it a habit to slaughter the creatures. The Indians, including the Shoshones, the Cahuillas and the Pahutes, sought these lizards and used them as food, which, it has been attested, when roasted over hot coals tastes not unlike chicken.

They would track down the lizard in its arid, volcanic stamping grounds. When one would detect the Indian hunters, into the nearest rock-crevice it would scuttle, and there inflate its loose, baggy skin. Thus blown up, it by being much larger than when it squeezed itself into the crack could not under natural conditions be pulled out. The Indians, however, employed the cruel practice of taking a sharp-pointed stick and jabbing it into the hide of the creature. This would deflate it, just as a mischievous boy might puncture an automobile tire. After this they would reach down into the rock-crack and extract the lizard. The Indian as a justification for his act averred that only by this means could he obtain food to keep himself alive.

But without even this excuse, modern man has destroyed this creature. Recently I took a trip to some of the habitats of the chuckwalla and found that persons had used the lizards for target practice, and in not a few instances had hit the mark. The skeletons of the creatures, there bleaching in the sun, revealed to what extent mankind will go to appease his lust for thrills.

In opposition to this wanton destruction, naturalists, lovers of the desert and advocates of prevention of cruelty to animals have undertaken by word of mouth and by the printed page to point out to the public the interest which these creatures hold. The chuckwalla, one of the most picturesque members of our desert fauna, deserves to be protected.



"EFFIE," A DAUGHTER OF MINNESOTA

We know from their appearance on the Egyptian monuments and temples that they dwelt placidly by the Nile a long, long time ago. They were there to see Moses lead the Children of Israel into the desert. The Egyptians made a law against killing cats because of their usefulness in ridding granaries of wasteful pests. Arab history and literature proves that pussies were loved by this people in ages gone.

Cats turned up in India at a very early date and also in Persia, but 400 A. D. is their first date of mention in China. But in the palmy days of Greece and Rome pussy seems to have been unwanted, for she is not in the records of those times.

Happily for all of us who are devoted to pussycats, they occupy the places of honor they deserve in these modern days.

Hallowe'en

Kadra Maysi

*The friendly beasts, upon this hallowed eve—
The beasts beloved by gentle saints of old—
Are stirring in the wood where night winds grieve
And autumn dulls the summer green to gold.*

*They must have memory of ancient tales
In which they walked with brave and holy men:
Saint Keneth of the Gulls, a prince of Wales—
Saint Blaise who preached in wolf or lion's den.*

*Upon this night no evil thing may be.
The blessing of Saint Francis broods above
Forest and field and fold and sand and sea
And on the beasts and birds who knew his love.*

Some Don't Like Cats

"Some people don't like cats." That is, of course, so. We have a very good friend, a man who is kind to animals, but who has an instinctive and unconquerable aversion to cats. When we possessed our very admirable black cat, "Christopher," now, alas, no more, this friend of ours would sit in acute discomfort if the cat entered the room, but too polite and too fair to yield to the discomfort. He even remembered "Christopher" on Christmas by gifts of catnip and a red collar.

Yet cats, so feared or disliked by some, have brought incalculable comfort and peace to others. In hours of loneliness there is nothing, we think, so restful as the sight of a sleeping cat, curled or stretched before a fireplace, utterly graceful, altogether beautiful, blessedly quiet.

EDWARD E. WHITING

Hallowe'en and the Black Cats

NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

THE black cat's presence everywhere on Hallowe'en dates back to the part cats played in the Druid Festival of Shaman, always held on October's last night.

This was a dark night indeed for those early worshippers of the oak trees and the mistletoe.

The Druid priests believed in Shaman as the Lord of Death. Each midnight of October 31st he called together the souls of the wicked who had died during the previous year and condemned them to inhabit the bodies of animals. Great fires were built that night on forest altars, round which the multitudes gathered in grim silence. While the priests uttered incantations against the evil powers the witches and all other evil spirits came out for revenge. Had it not been for the pussycats which were held to be sacred by the Druids at that time these spirits might have won the day. But wherever pussycats were that night the vilest of the spirits of darkness would venture only so far and no farther.

Pussy's sacred days were her greatest ones in those remote times. Later she fell from grace and was believed to be herself in league with the Hallowe'en forces of darkness, a belief still imaginatively adhered to by us on our Hallowe'en, which explains the sight of the black paper cats on every hand in late October days.

Hallowe'en is a good time to recall how truly ancient our pussies are.

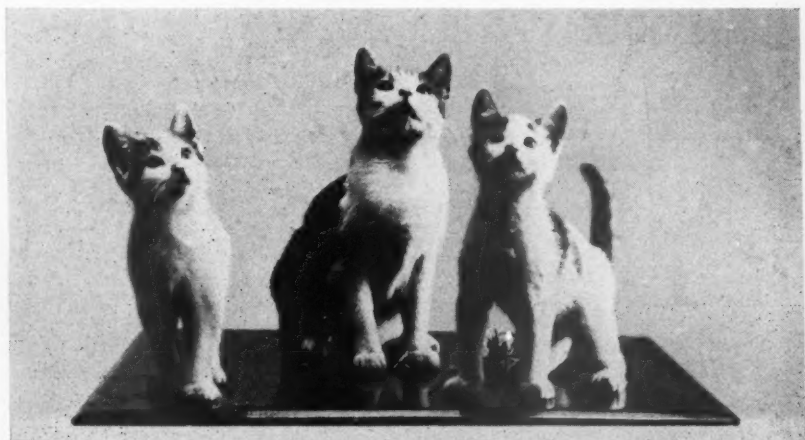
Cat Travels 380 Miles Alone

An Associated Press dispatch, dated August 20, tells of a Persian cat which Robert G. Brown, of Phoenix, Arizona, gave friends in San Diego, California, 14 months ago, being back home.

Brown said the friends advised him last November that the cat disappeared after they moved to a new apartment. Whether the cat required more than nine months to travel the 380 miles across blistering desert and the Colorado river, Brown doesn't know.

He said it was footsore and thin, and a bit wild, but otherwise showed no ill effects of the long journey.

Humane Sunday, April 19, 1942; Be Kind to Animals Week, April 20—25.



A PAUSE IN THE HALLOWE'EN CHORUS

The Kind, Conservative Elephant

ONE day at Paradise (Lake Paradise, British East Africa) my Meru carpenter came running to the door of my laboratory very much excited and shouting in Swahili: "Elephants! Elephants!", writes Martin Johnson in "Safari, a Saga of the African Blue."

This wasn't exactly news, for the woods about us were full of the big animals. But I grabbed my big Akeley camera and tripod and followed the man to the back of the shack, hoping as usual to get something out of the ordinary. There in the open scrub about two hundred yards away were fifteen elephants, several bulls, four or five cows, three half-grown animals and two babies. They were all just feeding along as comfortably as could be.

Of course, I started to grind out film. When I had turned down about two hundred feet what was my surprise to see Osa duck up between me and the elephants . . . There she was, weeding her strawberries in the garden not a hundred yards from the herd of wild elephants and blissfully ignorant of its presence. Our calling back and forth, and the movements of the boys about the camp, finally caused the beasts to move on down toward the lake . . .

Certainly the elephant is no fool. He attends to his own business and lets other creatures severely alone. He leads a quiet family life. And he does not prey on the land or lives of other species . . . I like elephants and I admire them. And I believe the normal pachyderm elephant is a kind, conservative animal that knows his place in life and is wholly content to keep it.



"THE ELEPHANT IS NO FOOL"

The American Ship of the Desert

DOROTHY L. PILLSBURY

OLD TIMERS" who live on lonely ranches in Arizona and New Mexico still talk about the camels imported from the Old World—those humped and uncouth animals that came shambling over the range lands just as if they belonged there.

It is true that there were loose and roaming camels on the Great American Desert up to fairly recent times. The story is most interesting. It all happened because of that arid waste of land which stretched nearly two thousand miles between the end of steel in the Middle West and the rich gold country of California on the Pacific Coast.

That was long before the days of the coast to coast railroads. Anyway you looked at it, the Great American Desert was a barrier. They tried to bridge those miles of desert with the Butterfield Stage Coaches and with the Pony Express. That was pretty fair in those times for transporting passengers and mail. But what about freight?

What more natural if you have a desert on your hands, than to think of the Old Ship of the Desert, the camel? The person who thought of the camel was no less a person than Jefferson Davis, at that time a member of the United States Congress.

He finally got an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars and sent Major Henry C. Wayne to Cairo, Egypt, in 1855 to buy camels. Thirty-three camels with their native drivers were actually unloaded in a Gulf of Mexico seaport. All but three of the consignment survived the long sea voyage. One year later forty-one more were brought over.

At first the camels seemed to work out very well as beasts of burden in the Great American Desert. They could carry loads of a thousand pounds. They could travel up to thirty miles a day. They were docile, patient and trustworthy. And best of all they could live on the sparse desert vegetation and irregular waterings.

In spite of all this, never were animals so hated. Everything on the desert hated those camels—man and beast. No one understood them. There weren't enough native camel drivers to go around and no Americans would take the job. Imagine a pack train of mules and burros plodding across the desert, meeting head-on with a string of camels! Or imagine cow-boys rounding up cattle when across the waste-lands comes the strong smell of camel on the desert wind! It wasn't any time at all until the camels were voted a nuisance and a menace to wild-west civilization.

The camels lasted a little while as

freight carriers between United States forts in El Paso and Arizona. Some even got as far as Fort Tejon in California. They made regular trips to Los Angeles for supplies.

At last, all the camels were turned loose on the Arizona Desert. There they thrived and multiplied. They strayed into New Mexico and over the border into Old Mexico. As late as 1900, ranch men in lonely pockets of the hills were still seeing camels. They shambled elegantly through barnyards and sauntered picturesquely over purple mesa-lands, to the utter demoralization of horses, mules, burros, and cattle.

Sea Lion Seeks Adoption

J. CASEY

FREQUENTLY we read and even see instances of where wild animals, birds, etc., attempt again and again to escape and return to their native haunts, but for a denizen of the deep to insist upon being captured—well, that's a new kind of story!

Only recently, according to several eye-witnesses, such an incident really happened. Captain Anthony Davi of Santa Cruz, California, while pursuing his regular duties as a fisherman, encountered a young sea lion, which jumped into his boat. Being of a kind disposition, Davi gave the visitor a fish and then tossed it overboard.

The pup circled the boat a couple of times and then jumped in again. Once more Davi gave it a fish and then threw it back into the water. But a few minutes later, when the persistent visitor again leaped into the boat, it was permitted to remain and was taken into port. Here it was placed in a tank of water and kept for several days, then released.

Aimlessly and disconsolately the sea lion roamed up and down the water front for some time. Then, as if suddenly reaching an important decision, in a most resolute manner it headed out to sea—in the direction of the fishing ships.

Upon arriving in the vicinity of the fleet of fishing vessels, the little fellow made a careful inspection of various crafts only to continue its search. Finally its efforts were rewarded; it found Capt. Davi's boat, and not losing any time, immediately jumped into the boat.

Not having the heart to throw the "babe of the sea" overboard, Capt. Davi let it remain. Perfectly happy and contented, the pup ate fish while the ship put out to sea.

The captive sea lion has long displayed remarkable aptitude in learning tricks and has become a general favorite, but for one untrained and unaccustomed to the ways of man, it seemed strange, indeed, how this one decided to become a voluntary captive.

My Mare

Judy Van der Veer

I see her on a hill—
The wind in her mane;
I hear her running hoofs
Through the narrow lane.

I remember how she loved
The green grass of spring,
I see her everywhere,
I remember everything—

The quick and eager way
She would toss her head—
It is harder to remember
That my mare is dead.

Not hard to see again
The sunshine on her coat,
Feel once more the softness
Of her neck and throat.

It is sorrow to remember
Her imploring eyes,
To see the stricken look
That comes to one who dies.

So I shall be forgetting
Much of a certain day,
And never more remember
How she went away.

Longevity in Animals

ROBERT E. PIKE

WHAT is the oldest living animal? Most people would probably answer, "the elephant." But while the elephant does live to an average age of 150 years, and specimens have been known to surpass 200, yet the whale lives twice as long. Three hundred years is a good old age for a whale, though some have been caught whose age was estimated at four hundred years.

The methods of judging age in animals are interesting. In whales, it is done by the size of the whalebone; for turtles, by the average yearly increase in weight; for roosters, by their combs; for horses, an expert can tell within a year by the teeth; with cattle, or at least with horned cattle, one can tell by the horns.

Parrots have been known to live to the age of 120 years. There is a story of a German scientist who went to study the unique language of a small tribe of Indians in the jungles of Venezuela, but when he arrived he found the last member of the tribe dying of an epidemic, and this man gave him a parrot he had owned for many years. The bird had a vocabulary of about 150 words, but the scientist never did succeed in translating them.

Dogs and cats, although 12 years is a good ripe age for either, have been known to live to be as old as 24, and



while 20 years is a fairly old age for a horse, I have seen specimens over 40, while instances are recorded of some that lived to be over 50.

Horses usually get thin and ragged if they live to be over 30, yet the noted race-horse, "Ethan Allen," was 45 when he was deemed the handsomest horse in Vermont and as such was chosen by the Governor to ride in a procession.

Fish are much longer-lived than most people think. A woman in Worcestershire, England, had a tame trout that lived to be 20 years old, and a German writer named Gesner tells of a pike 267 years old that was caught at Halibrun in Suabia in 1497. A ring was found in its tail bearing this inscription: "I am the fish that was first of all put into this lake by the hands of the Governor of the Universe, Frederick the Second, the 5th of October, 1230." It weighed 350 pounds and was 19 feet long. Its skeleton was exhibited at Mannheim.

Of course everyone remembers the recent case of the horned toad who was released from a 38-year imprisonment in the corner stone of a Texas building and hopped nonchalantly away. This makes more credible the story in Hall's "History of Vermont," where he tells of excavations in an ancient gravel bed along the Winooski River, where, in a strata estimated to be 700 years old, toads were dug up who immediately hopped away with no noticeable stiffness in their joints.

The Galapagos turtles live to be more than 200 years old, but the first prize probably goes to some of the sacred crocodiles still in India, who were lively youngsters, only a century or two old, when William the Conqueror landed in England.

Lilliputian Horses

ENOLA CHAMBERLIN

ABOUT one hundred years ago a major landslide occurred in an Arizona canyon. There were some Indian horses in the canyon and the slide blocked the trail and trapped the horses. These horses lived on what little food and water the canyon contained. They had colts and their colts had colts. But food was scarce and nature says adapt or die, and today the descendants of those normal horses are only as large as dogs.

Mr. Ritter, artist and naturalist, went down into the canyon last year and brought out three of these tiny horses by hauling them up a thousand-foot cliff. The largest of the three weighs sixty-five pounds and is twenty-seven inches tall. The other two weigh thirty-five pounds each and are twenty-four inches tall.

Some species of insects winter over in the adult stage. The more common are the lady bugs, Mexican bean beetles, some grasshoppers, the housefly, chinch bugs, and box-elder bugs. They are cold blooded, remain dormant, and are seen only on very warm winter days.

Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, who solicits correspondence thereto.

Junkman's Horse

F. J. Worrall

From early dawn
To close of day
He jogs along
The same old way.

Up and down
The crowded streets
You can hear
The rhythmic beats.

Sometimes drowsing
In the sun—
Wishing . . . wishing
Day was done.

No rest for Dobbin
And no pay—
He gives his life
For a wisp of hay.

Rodents of Song and Story

JASPER B. SINCLAIR

OFFHAND you might not think that ordinary rodents could have more than casual acquaintance with the classics of song and story. A little research dispels that thought, however.

Familiar to children and adults alike is the story of the Pied Piper and the rats of Hamelin town. The story is many centuries old, but Browning's poetic telling made it even more famous.

There is an old song about the "Three Blind Mice" and a nursery rhyme about the mouse of "Hickory, Dickory" fame that spent its time running up and down the clock.

Robert Burns wrote his "Ode to a Mouse" with all its often-quoted lines, the most familiar of which concerns "the best laid plans of mice and men." The Scottish poet wrote the lines when his plow dislodged a field mouse from its nest.

Benjamin Franklin paid tribute to the industriousness of the mouse when he wrote, "By diligence and industry the mouse cut the cable in two."

Ralph Waldo Emerson added another gem to the world's collection of famous sayings when he wrote about the man who could build a better mousetrap than his neighbor.

On a rock in the middle of the Rhine, somewhere between the cities of Coblenz and Mainz, stands the strangely named castle of the Cat and the Mouse. Robber barons used it as a place from which to collect toll from all boats using the river in medieval times. A half-dozen storybook legends have been written around the Cat and the Mouse.

Such other members of the rodent family as hares, rabbits and squirrels also have their honored place in song and story.

The fable of the hare and the tortoise has become an enduring part of the literature of many lands, together with the rather uncomplimentary expression, "Mad as a March hare."

"Br'er Rabbit" is one of the famous characters in American folklore, while another rabbit figured quite prominently in the story of "Alice in Wonderland." The people of Llandudno, Wales, even erected a statue in honor of the famous White Rabbit.

The Fish That Sails

HENRY NICHOLAS

ONE of the most remarkable inhabitants of the sea is the sailfish. It has a streamline shape and can swim with amazing speed. But when it is tired it can do what no other fish in the sea can do. It rises to the surface of the water, draws its lower fins close to its body, and extends the enormous dorsal fin which it carries folded within its back.

The pressure of the wind against this upraised fin carries the sailfish over the surface of the water, like a ship under sail. It handles this fin like an experienced sailor. If the wind is strong it lowers the fin, like a sailor taking a reef in the sail, but if the wind is gentle then it extends the huge dorsal fin to the limit. On rare occasions sailors have seen a number of sailfish in the Gulf Stream, moving through the water like a fleet of miniature sailboats competing in a race.

The sailfish has special muscles which enable it to control its different fins. When it wishes to slow down, after a burst of speed, it extends its fins and uses them as brakes. It uses its dorsal fin in its amazing leaps through the air. Observers have seen a sailfish make as many as thirty such successive leaps high above the water. With its startling leaps through the air with its huge dorsal fin extended, its body shining in the sunlight like polished bronze with a silver mounting on the back, it makes a remarkable sight.

Airplane and automotive engineers have spent hours in studying moving pictures of the sailfish. They are interested in its streamline body, which offers so little resistance when it swims through

the water, in the source of the power which enables it to make such astounding leaps through the air, and also in the manner in which it uses its fins as brakes.

Rotary Clubs, Attention!

SIGMUND SAMETH, M.A.

MEMBERS of civic organizations throughout the country ought to follow the lead of the Rotary Club of Savannah, Georgia. When it was voted to spend several hundred dollars on an enduring monument memorializing the organization, a bronze marker set in a granite watering trough was set up by the roadside.

How much more satisfying will this monument be to future generations of Rotarians than a similar marker without a humanitarian function? The watering basin was no more expensive than a regulation pedestal base of similar type, yet this little bit of foresight and love of our animal friends will be a perpetual memorial of man's regard for the creatures which work for him. The basin is supplied with an ever-flowing stream of pure cool water and it is a gladdening sight to watch some farmer's horse or mule approaching the city limits of Savannah stop to drink his fill. The birds relish the perpetual spring, also, and more than one shaggy-haired and panting dog trots up to the basin on a hot summer day to find cool refreshment. The Savannah Rotary Club is to be commended by animal lovers everywhere.



ROTARY CLUB OF SAVANNAH IS MEMORIALIZED BY THIS GRANITE WATERING TROUGH



EXHIBIT OF AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY AND MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. AT CATHOLIC TEACHERS' INSTITUTE, BOSTON, AUGUST 25-29

Medal for Georgia Boy

LOLLIS HARDY, sixteen, a member of the Junior Humane Society in one of the schools of Atlanta, has been awarded the humane medal of the American Humane Education Society for rescuing a fox from a hunt of the Peach State Beagle Club last August. The Club at first proposed using a jack rabbit, but because of the emphatic protests of the Atlanta Humane Society, the Junior Humane Society and many individuals, this plan was given up in favor of releasing a fox with a half-mile start on the dogs. When the time came, the fox, not given the half-mile start, was so bewildered that it jumped into the lake, from which it was shoosed out among the dogs, and pursued for a quarter of a mile by 50 hunters. At this point the fox dashed toward a fence, when young Hardy ran between it and the dogs, rescued the frightened animal, and drove fifteen miles out in the woods and turned it loose.

Teachers' Institute in Boston

THE thirty-second annual Institute of the Parochial School Teachers of the Boston Archdiocese, held at Boston College High School, Boston, August 25-29, provided an excellent opportunity for the advancement of humane education.

Coming from every section of the Archdiocese, more than 1,500 nuns of the 3,000 who teach in the parochial schools, and representing thirty different Orders, were in attendance during the week.

Abundant space was provided for the display of "Kindness to Animals" posters, books, leaflets and other humane literature, as shown in the picture above.

Large numbers of sisters visited this exhibit of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., which was in one of the most conspicuous locations in the High School, on the third floor directly outside the general assembly hall where it was of convenient access to all. Many sisters filed requests for humane literature and

other material, and an even larger number indicated that they and the children are already receiving material or participating in one or more of the Societies' activities for advancing kindness to animals.

Into the parochial schools this season will march the great army of more than 100,000 young boys and girls from the Boston Archdiocese alone. From the primary grades to the final year in High School the educational and spiritual needs of these boys and girls will be filled by the teachers who attended the Institute and, from the enthusiastic comments expressed by the sisters at the Societies' exhibit, the humane education of the children will certainly not be neglected.

The exhibit, made possible through the courtesy of Rt. Rev. Richard J. Quinlan, Diocesan Director of Parochial Schools, was under the direction of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president of both Societies, and was arranged and supervised by Mr. John F. Cotter, who was in attendance throughout the week.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

OCTOBER, 1941

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about 300 words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 600 words nor verse in excess of twenty-four lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

This Month's Frontispiece

THE picture on this month's cover was the fifth prize winner in our recent contest, and was submitted by N. C. Ehlike of Rhinelander, Wisconsin. The dog is a cocker spaniel who had a litter of only one puppy. She took up with the pet rabbit to add bulk to her family, and seems to prefer the rabbit to the puppy.

An Elephant Laughs at Locks

OUR Humane Education representative in Ireland, Mr. Michael O'Connor, sends us the following, taken from the *Evening Herald* of Dublin:

"At the Dublin Zoo during Friday night's raid, a bomb fell near the Gardens. 'Sara,' the cow elephant, gave a remarkable display of animal instinct and incidentally performed a rare, jail-breaking feat by opening four iron padlocks and unbolting three gates en route to her conception of safety."

The superintendent of the Zoo, Mr. C. L. Flood, continues, "The inner gate of her stall had two padlocks which Sara continued to shake with the little 'finger' on top of her trunk until they opened.

"She then removed them and with the same 'finger' pulled back the two bolts—one underneath and one on top. She dealt similarly with the lock on the second gate, unscrewed a shackle in the outer gate, crossed a fence without damaging it, and moved down to the edge of the lake where she lay down among the bullrushes, which she possibly regarded as the best available imitation of the jungle thicket.

"I had only to shout at her, 'What are you doing there?' and she started to return to her stall immediately."

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will.

Fox-Hunting Still Goes on in England

THE *Animals' Friend* tells us of at least a dozen or more hunt meets that have been held during the past season. We are told that 4,000 fox hounds are still left in England. In answer to an appeal it is said that the Old Berkshire Hunt has received over 1,000 pounds, thus enabling the club to carry on for another season.

It is hard for us over here, who read of all that England is enduring because of this unspeakable war, to think of such sports still going on. Let us hope that the self-denial and loss are not as great as we have been led to believe.

Humane Trap Prizes Awarded

PRIZES totaling \$640 have been awarded inventors and trappers in the humane trap contest sponsored by the American Humane Association of Albany, N. Y.

"For fourteen years, through these contests, we have been making a worldwide search for devices that will trap animals with a minimum of suffering," declared W. E. Sanderson, the Association's Wild Life director. "Years of research have brought us nearer our goal in enlightening the world concerning true conservation and the justice due our wild life."

And This Happened in Detroit

Reading in some paper about an eight-foot wall being built in Detroit to shut out a section of the city inhabited by colored people from their white neighbors, we wrote to the Reverend Horace A. White, asking if this could be true. The following letter tells the story:

Dear Dr. Rowley:

Thank you for your kind letter. The quotation that you attribute to me is correct. The facts are simply these:

In the northwest section of our city we have a colored settlement which is about twenty years old. Subsequently, whites began to go into that section and build homes. An enterprising real estate dealer erected an eight-foot wall between the white and the negro section. The wall was very bad taste and psychologically wrong.

I am very glad to know that you are interested in this thing. The public opinion here in Detroit has caused the building of the wall to cease. People like you make it possible for our democracy to have a chance to work.

Respectfully yours,

(Signed) HORACE A. WHITE, Minister, Plymouth Congregational Church

Member, Detroit Housing Commission

Comment is unnecessary.

"Jack," a Career Dog

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., papers recently paid fine tributes to a German shepherd dog, named "Jack," who had attached himself to the Angell Animal Hospital on Bliss Street, and for nine years made himself a friendly and useful adjunct to that institution. He was



"JACK," LATE MASCOT OF S.P.C.A., SPRINGFIELD BRANCH

a watch dog of keen intelligence and kindly disposition, though given up by his owner as an "unwanted dog, cross and not good with children." Jack proved the exact opposite, rendering such faithful service as to attract the attention of everyone connected with the Hospital. His sense of responsibility was remarkable; he qualified for the job of his own adoption. He died through the infirmities of age. He was greatly missed and will be long remembered.

Be Kind to Animals Week

It comes annually in April. The dates for 1942 are: Humane Sunday, April 19; Be Kind to Animals Week, April 20-25. Although it seems a long way off, already arrangements are being made for the usual celebration. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has again engaged the popular writer and lecturer, Mr. Thornton W. Burgess, to present an illustrated lecture in the hall of the Boston Public Library, Copley Square, on Humane Sunday, April 19, at 3:30 P. M. The subject will be: "My Little Neighbors in Fur and Feathers," with motion pictures in color.

Boston Watering Stations

The downtown hydrant stations in Boston, from which the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. supplied drinks for horses during the hot weather, were closed September 6.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, Counsel

JOSEPH MOONEY, Treasurer's Assistant

Trustees of Permanent Funds

JOHN R. MACOMBER, Chairman of the Board, First Boston Corporation

CHARLES G. BANCROFT, Vice-President and Ch. Finance Com., United Shoe Machinery Corporation

CHARLES E. SPENCER, Jr., President, First National Bank of Boston

Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulances) Longwood 6100

L. WILLARD WALKER, Chief Officer

HARRY L. ALLEN, HOWARD WILLARD
HARVEY R. FULLER, J. ROBERT SMITH

County Prosecuting Officers

HERMAN N. DEAN, Boston Middlesex and Norfolk

FRED T. VICKERS, Wenham Eastern Essex

WILLIAM W. HASWELL, Methuen Western Essex

JOSEPH E. HASWELL, Methuen Western Essex

FRED F. HALL, Springfield Hampden, Hampshire and Franklin

HARRY C. SMITH, Worcester Worcester

CHARLES E. BROWN, Attleboro, Bristol and Plymouth

HAROLD G. ANDREWS, Hyannis Barnstable, Dukes and Nantucket

T. KING HASWELL, Pittsfield Berkshire

Rest Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter, Methuen

W. W. HASWELL, Superintendent

Other Small Animal Shelters of M. S. P. C. A.

Boston, 170-184 Longwood Avenue

Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street

Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road

Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue

Hyannis, State Road, Rte. 28, Centerville

Wenham, Cherry Street

AUGUST REPORT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., WITH HEADQUARTERS AT BOSTON, METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD, ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS, WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTHAMPTON, HAVERHILL, HOLYOKE, ATHOL, COVERING THE ENTIRE STATE

Miles traveled by humane officers.. 20,472

Cases investigated 328

Animals examined 6,294

Animals placed in homes 368

Lost animals restored to owners.. 82

Number of prosecutions 6

Number of convictions 6

Horses taken from work 9

Horses humanely put to sleep 55

Small animals humanely put to sleep 3,186

Horse auctions attended 12

Stockyards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected 57,232

Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep 17

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue. Telephone, Longwood 6100

Veterinarians

E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M., Chief of Staff

R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Asst. Chief

G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.

C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.

M. S. ARLEIN, D.V.M.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355
53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR AUGUST

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	933
Cases entered in Dispensary	2,030
Operations	418

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	173
Cases entered in Dispensary	836
Operations	91

At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered	98
---------------------	----

Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	197,745
Dispensary cases	499,152
Total	696,897

Branches and Auxiliaries

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Northampton Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—MISS EMILY HALE, Pres.; MISS MILDRED MOULTON, Treas.

Great Barrington Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—MRS. ROBERT MAGRUDER, Pres.; MRS. DONALD WORTHINGTON, Treas.

Holyoke Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—MRS. AARON C. BAGG, Pres.; MRS. ROBERT E. NEWCOMB, Treas.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. CARLTON H. GARINGER, Pres.; MRS. RICHARD A. BOOTH, Treas. Second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; MRS. JOHN HAMILTON CLARKE, Treas.

Boston Work Committee of Mass. S. P. C. A.—MRS. GEORGE D. COLPAS, Chairman.

Veterinary Column

1. Question: I have a litter of setter puppies three weeks old which I wish to wean. Please suggest a diet for them?

Answer: A satisfactory diet for four setter puppies between the ages of three and six weeks is as follows:

- 1 pint of whole milk
- 1 teaspoonful sugar of milk
- 1 teaspoonful of lime water
- 1 egg yolk

Mix the whole and feed warm. Divide the entire mixture in individual dishes and feed the puppies five times a day until they are 4½ weeks old, then increase each constituent one half and

feed four times a day.

After the puppies are four weeks old, a teaspoonful of finely chopped lean raw beef may be added to each serving.

2. Question: My two-year-old cocker spaniel loves to swim in the lake every summer while we are on our vacation. Last year and this year, he subsequently developed ear trouble, shaking his head and scratching at his ears. They seem very sore. What is this condition?

Answer: The basic trouble is an ear infection. This is called by several names; ear canker, auricular catarrh, etc. Such an infection may develop after a dog's ears are wet as they would be by swimming. Your veterinarian should treat the case, as it may get out of hand and cause serious damage if not properly treated.

3. Question: There seems to be some sort of a growth on my cat's stomach. It is a soft swelling, about as large as a pea, right in the middle of his abdomen. He is a spring kitten and seems to be in good health, except for this swelling which he has had since birth. Is this a serious condition?

Answer: From your description your cat has an umbilical hernia. This may or may not need surgical intervention. You had better let your veterinarian examine the cat and advise you as to treatment.

4. Question: Is it best to have my dog immunized against distemper before winter? He is now six months old.

Answer: The best time to vaccinate a dog against distemper is as soon as possible after he has reached the age of four months. The causative agent for distemper exists at all times of the year, and any dog, especially under the age of two years, is capable of contracting the disease.

5. Question: My three-months-old puppy wouldn't eat and was coughing so I gave him some worm medicine. He is now worse. Is it because he still has worms?

Answer: The indiscriminate use of worm medicine is to be discouraged. It often, as is probably the case in this instance, is much more harmful than beneficial. Worm medicine is necessarily composed of strong drugs that only serve to further lower a dog's physical condition if given when he is sick. Worm medicine should not be given without the advice of your veterinarian. Submit to him a fresh sample of the dog's bowel movement which he can examine microscopically for worm eggs and advise you correctly as to treatment.

In the case of your puppy, he probably is suffering from some condition other than worms, and you should consult your veterinarian.

L. H. S., Veterinary Dept.,
Angell Animal Hospital



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, *Counsel*

Trustees of Permanent Funds

JOHN R. MACOMBER, *Chairman of the Board, First Boston Corporation*

CHARLES G. BANCROFT, *Vice-President and Ch. Finance Com., United Shoe Machinery Corporation*

CHARLES E. SPENCER, JR., *President, First National Bank of Boston*

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

E. J. H. Escobar Colombia
Luis Pareja Cornejo Ecuador
Charles A. Williams France
Leonard T. Hawksley Italy
S. C. Batra India
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobe Japan
Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton Madeira
Dr. A. T. Ishkanian Mexico
Mrs. Alice W. Manning Turkey

Humane Press Bureau

Katharine H. Piper, *Secretary*
180 Longwood Ave., Boston

Field Workers of the Society

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts
Mrs. Jennie R. Toomim, Chicago, Illinois
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representative

Dr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts
Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR AUGUST, 1941

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 15
Number of addresses made, 64
Number of persons in audiences, 11,166

Help for Worn-out Workers

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Albert A. Pollard, Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

A Remarkable Report from Turkey

WE have just received from Mrs. Alice W. Manning, the secretary of the Turkish Society for the Protection of Animals, with its headquarters in Istanbul (Constantinople), the annual report for 1940. It represents an extraordinarily fine piece of work done by that organization in troubled and unsettled Turkey.

The report says that "in spite of the difficulties which the state of war in Europe has created this year, our work has continued without interruption or diminution, except that we have not been able to keep our full number of inspectors. Of course, we are in great need now of money to pay the salaries of a sufficient number of inspectors, because many old horses are being employed for the army, and others taken young and fit for service. These animals suffer much of the time from cold and dampness. We have only two inspectors to aid us in this great city built upon many hills and which extends over both sides of the Bosphorus."

It further states that extensive work was done for injured animals by the Society during the period of the earthquakes and floods. Into one important district an inspector was sent and, thanks to the co-operation of the government officials, the Society was able, at Brousse and in neighboring villages, to save 17,855 heads of livestock; in another case 3,000. The Society expresses its hearty appreciation of the assistance given it by the government officials in the districts most seriously affected. Without the prompt and efficient aid of the officials it would have been impossible to accomplish all that was done.

All together, 22,000 heads of livestock were cared for, thanks to the prompt action and generous gift of the Royal S. P. C. A. of London; 3,200 cruel devices for inflicting suffering upon animals were confiscated; and the new film, "In Behalf of Animals," was shown in many Turkish schools.

The report says, "To the American Humane Education Society of Boston, we are deeply grateful for the generous gift of \$150 for our work in the schools and for the beautiful film, 'In Behalf of Animals.' It is our hope that our Society will become some day as great and as useful in this country as those of England and America."

Here are some of the statistics in their Hospital report:

Dogs restored to their owners, or given a new home	68
Dogs humanely put to sleep	1,917
Cats humanely put to sleep	5,293
Horses humanely put to sleep ..	12
Asses humanely put to sleep	1

Operations	60
Wagons lightened of their loads ..	781
Birds liberated	191
Animals cared for	10,066

No small amount of credit for this magnificent piece of work, done under such unusual and discouraging conditions, we know, is due to that devoted and unselfish worker, Mrs. Manning, long connected with Robert College, Constantinople, and secretary of the Turkish Society.

The Fondouk Carries On

THE following letter and report has just been received from Mr. Guy Delon, superintendent of the Fondouk, in Fez, Morocco:

Dear Dr. Rowley:

Many thanks for your kind letter of May 29 just on hand. I hope that our permit to transfer funds will remain good and that I shall be able to carry on our work.

I send you hereafter copy of my report for June:

Daily average, large animals	9.1
Entries: 7 horses, 5 mules, 17 donkeys.	

Exits: 4 horses, 5 mules, 27 donkeys.

Out-patients: 291 horses, 50 mules, 185 donkeys, 7 dogs.

Inspections;

Fondouks visited	397
Animals inspected	7,247
Animals treated	509
Animals sent to Hospital	82
Pack-saddles and bits destroyed ..	3
Animals sent by Police Dept.	21

I enclose a photograph of a mule hospitalized on June 21, seriously wounded on neck by a cut.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) GUY DELON

Superintendent

Of course, all of us interested in that fine piece of work are glad to know that, in spite of all this unspeakable war, so much is being done.

From Historic Lebanon

Our representative in Beirut, Lebanon, Syria, tells us that in spite of the horror and turbulence that are all about them, they are still carrying on the humane work on a small scale. Eleven Bands of Mercy were organized during the month of May in Lebanon and nine in Syria. He says, "You can never imagine the very critical situation our country is in, and it is expected that in three months, or four, many of the poor people here will starve to death."

"I am still glad that we are able to do even as much as we are, while the minds of the people are taken up with so many other things."

Early Influences

L. E. EUBANKS

WHEN I was about eight years old I saw an amateur butcher kill a pig with an ax. That was fifty years ago, and that scene, with the callous indifference and brutal conversations that accompanied it, yet lives in memory as vividly as the events of yesterday.

I was visiting a boy friend in the country, but that was my last visit to any place where killings are performed; for when my father heard my version of the gruesome doing and observed the effects on my nervous system, he forbade me ever to witness such a thing again.

The next autumn my rural friend visited me, and when I referred to the butchering he laughed at my feelings—a laugh I didn't like. My wise old dad then terminated that friendship, predicting that the boy would come to a bad end unless his environment were changed. Dad was not far wrong, at that; for as a husband and parent in later years that same boy ruled his home with relentless cruelty.

No young person over whom I have control is going to be exposed to heart-hardening influences. From much observation I'm convinced that, with most boys and girls, the environment and training of the first twelve years determine whether or not the adult will be considerate of other persons and humane toward the lower animals.

Some years ago I knew a man who cursed his ten-year-old son because the boy cried at the sight of a rabbit in distress. The father's hobby was hunting and he began taking the lad with him when the boy was little more than a baby.

But despite all his efforts the child continued to be sympathetic, finally becoming hysterical when he saw his father's hound catch and roughly mouth a rabbit. So disgusted was that father that he thereafter called the boy Sissy and turned his training over to "the woman."

Not long ago a boy of seventeen was arrested in a stolen automobile. Inquiry disclosed that he had tied the car's owner to a tree deep in the woods and left food where the man could see it but couldn't reach it. Wanton cruelty. Yes, the boy himself didn't have any too much to eat; but torturing the man was a satisfaction to him.

I was not surprised to learn that the culprit had spent the first fifteen years of his life in a home where a brutal father had killed every pet brought into the home—including a canary, than which, surely, nothing could be more harmless. A significant statement in the boy's life-story was, "He (the father) beat me, then I went out and beat some

smaller kid."

I won't say that boy is hopeless, but undeniably some one is going to have a tough job to undo those early influences. A child is never too young to be started right; in fact the younger he is, after he begins to think for himself, the more impressionable he is.

Humane Calendar Soon Ready

The new Humane Calendar, issued by the American Humane Education Society, Boston, is expected to be out early in November. It consists of a card 12 x 15 inches, with a colored illustration 7 x 10½ inches, showing George Washington, Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton, mounted on splendid horses, riding away from Mount Vernon to attend the first Continental Congress at Philadelphia. At the door of the Washington home, shown plainly in the background, Lady Martha may be dimly seen as she watches the departing horsemen. It is a scene of great historical importance, and is one of the best pictures that the well-known Osborne Company has ever had.

Prices are 20 cents each; two for 35 cents; three for 50 cents; 12 for \$1.75; when sent to the same address. If ordered to be sent separately, regardless of the number, the price will be 20 cents each. Orders for special imprint of Societies can be filled only if sent at once. Write for terms. Send orders to Secretary, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.



THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. OFFERS A REWARD OF \$20 FOR EVIDENCE WHICH WILL CONVICT FOR ABANDONING A CAT

Abandoning Pets

HENRY H. GRAHAM

EVERY year thousands of cats and dogs are abandoned and left to their own resources by their thoughtless and inconsiderate owners. It is not an uncommon sight to see canines and felines wandering in the woods and along wilderness roads many miles from even a farmhouse. Many of such creatures are there through desertion. Vacationists motoring through sparsely-settled country eagerly drop cats and dogs by the wayside because they have tired of them or have found them a nuisance.

Such a practice cannot be condemned in too strong language. Not only is it heartless and cruel in itself as well as unwarranted, but the practice works a hardship on birds and smaller animals on which the discarded pets must feed if they are to survive. Hunger is a potent force and domestic animals revert to the wild quickly when thrown "on their own." This is only natural and no one can legitimately blame dogs and cats for so doing. When well fed and kindly treated they seldom kill birds. It is chiefly when they must do so or starve.

Upon several occasions my heart has bled for abandoned animals. Several times I have taken them home, fed them and kept them until admiring friends adopted them. This, I think, is what every animal lover should do in the interest of the pets themselves and the creatures on which they will be forced to prey if not cared for.

Anyone who thinks enough of animals to possess them should think enough of them to care for them well as long as they live—long after they have passed puppyhood or kittenhood. If some attention and training are given to cats and dogs in their earlier years they will be much more interesting and devoted in adulthood. Animals are appreciative, responding with much affection when they know they are loved and really wanted. But no circumstances ever warrant the abandonment of dogs and cats. It is a vicious practice.

Annual meeting of the New Eng. Federation of Humane Societies, Thurs., Nov. 6, at Angell Animal Hospital, Boston. Addresses include, "Battery Chicks," Eric H. Hansen; "Pulling Contests at Fairs," Alfred W. Lombard; "Distemper in Dogs," E. F. Schroeder; "Problems in Surgery," C. L. Blakely.

My Animal Friends

Salvatore Marsiglia

*I must an ear lend to the songs
That float from every tree,
And view the tiny feathered friends
That fill the air with glee—
The robin and the meadowlark
The cardinal's bright red—
They are past masters of the art
Of gay song overhead.*

*I must caress each passing cat,
Or stop to speak a word
And shake the paw of every dog
By friendly whistle spurred.
For it is like a law with me
That must be e'er obeyed—
I must be kind to every thing
In street or woodland glade.*

*And so, because so many cats
Are friendless and alone,
So many dogs that walk the streets
Have no homes of their own,
A sense of pity overwhelms
And stirs my well-fed heart
To help these orphaned cats and dogs
In doing my small part.*

Editors, Please Note

THEY had said, "He's the toughest managing editor in the business; it's misery to work for him." And so I sat uneasily at the newspaper's copy desk that first night, wondering if I had not made a mistake in changing jobs.

It was a blustery, ink-black night. All that day, snow had fallen, and now the city was thickly blanketed. The weather forecast was not encouraging — more snow, to be followed by high winds and intense cold.

During a lull in the flow of news, I paused to look at him more closely. He sat straight as an Army captain at the large central desk, his jaw set grimly, his eyes intent upon a press report. The eyes were steel-blue, completely unsmiling. I thought of their words, "We call him Stone Face."

Snow was drifting down again, peppering whitely against the editorial room windows. He looked at it for a moment, and then he rose from his chair and walked over to the copy desk. I pretended to busy myself, waiting for the first baptism of fire.

He said, "That weather story on page one; it needs something. Let's have a little boxed story right at the beginning. Let's remind everyone to put seeds and meat scraps in their yards tomorrow. If they don't, the birds are going to suffer."

I felt suddenly relaxed, no longer fearful about having taken the job with him. I knew now that the steel-hard face was only surface-deep — that they were wrong.

L. C.

Oxen Are Powerful Beasts

SIGMUND SAMETH, M. A.



NEGRO FARM FAMILY ON WAY TO TOWN WITH THEIR OX DRAWING THE WAGON

MOST frequently mentioned beast of draught in the Bible, the ox, still remains one of man's most useful helpers in regions where swampy land is encountered. United States Department of Agriculture reports indicate that the number of oxen in use on farms in this country is increasing, and that, with impending rationing of tractor fuel, the humble ox will assume even greater importance as a cog in agricultural production.

The early history of our country is fairly crisscrossed with the oxen trails made by the lumbering beasts who hauled the pioneers' crude carts and Conestoga wagons. Especially in the Southeastern part of the United States ox-cart transport was common. Many of the double-rutted roads later became arterial branches of our great national highways, but in the mountain regions around Chattanooga and Cumberland Gap, and from those points branching in all directions westward, remnants of the great trail system made by four-footed beasts still exist to tempt the adventurous motor tourist of a more mechanical age.

The Southeast still leads the nation in the number of oxen used for draught purposes. Broad splayed feet and powerful hams and shoulders permit the ox to outhaul his weight in either mules or horses. Especially in the swamp country of the tidewater lowlands where other creatures of half his weight would soon become mired down, the tireless ox plods on patiently. Whether he be hauling timber out of the great abandoned turpentine forests or a farmer's wagon over muddied dirt roads, he shows the same patience and reserve of power which

have always marked him. The ox may not be as speedy as the other work animals of the region. You cannot work him twelve hours a day, either, as a man can work a tractor. But where the other animals turn back with eyes dilated and nostrils quivering and the tractor is stopped because it has not room to turn, the ox will plunge in and perform his task heroically.

Flat on his stomach in mire with great hoofs churning like the stern wheel of a river steamboat, the ox hauls and strains at the tow chain. And he'll pull until the load is out of the swamp, until the last log is hauled up by the side of a concrete road where less sturdy carriers can take over. The Arabs may have their camel, India its tame elephants, Laplanders their reindeer—but backwoods farmers in the United States, who have heavy hauling to do, have the ox, every bit as American as our national bald eagle.

Spiders step carefully so as not to get caught in their own webs, says a writer in *Stepping Stones*. They always put their feet on certain threads in the web that are heavier than the rest of the filaments and not equipped with the sticky stuff that entraps insect victims. This is most easily seen in the wheel-shaped webs of the orb-weaving spiders. The "glueless" threads are the straight "spokes" of the wheel. These, and not the connecting rungs, are the spider's footpaths.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.

Happy Landing

Florence Romaine

She dodged the speeding traffic
With a timid, frightened air—
A little terrier-pup a few weeks old—
Amid the honking taxis
And the crowd that didn't care,
Till she reached the curb
To crouch there in the cold.

Her soft brown eyes looked into mine;
Her tail began to wag.
"Please take me home," she seemed to say—
"Just put me in your bag!"

Who could resist her pleading?
Not I, at any rate.
Perchance our casual meeting
Was all arranged by Fate,
For now, upon a cushion
Sits that little terrier stray;
Well-fed, well-brushed and cherished,
She rules our house today!

A Pampered Guest

AMELIA WOFFORD

ON one occasion Charles Lamb left his dinner table and his guests to open his garden gate for the entrance of a stray donkey, his grass plot offering a more plenteous pasturage than the turf of the neighboring common.

It was this kindly feeling for dumb animals that gave "Dash," Thomas

Hood's dog who had been placed in care of the Lambs, pre-eminence in their household. Charles Lamb loved long, solitary rambling walks, but with Dash for a companion, for he would not leave the dog at home and deny him the pleasure he enjoyed. He did not have one happy moment, for Dash, instead of trotting for a short distance before him or behind him, was always out of sight, exploring the fields and roads or running up and down "all manner of street"; and his master was always in fear that the animal might be lost. Yet he could not persuade himself to leave Dash at home or to control him, for fear he might spoil the dog's enjoyment of the outing.

"The gentle Elia" was not partial to visiting Regent Park, but discovering that Dash favored it for explorations, there he would go. And there he experienced his most anxious moments. For no sooner had he entered the Park than Dash would disappear for a half hour or more, and there Lamb would stay, fearing that should he leave and Dash not find him there on his return, the dog might wander away and be lost.

At last came a day when the Lambs, Charles and Sister Mary, decided they must be rid of their too lively guest. That was the day they were to dine with their good friend, Coventry Patmore. They took Dash with them, and asked their host to relieve them of his charge.

If they kept him any longer, Mary said, he "would be the death of Charles."

Dash was a large, handsome dog of a "curious breed." Their host had always admired him, and willingly assumed his care.

The sagacity that had informed Dash of the tolerance of the Lambs, informed him of the firmer temper of his new host. Under Patmore's wise rule Dash, said his new master, "subsided into the best-bred and the best-behaved of his species."

The bloodhound is an aristocrat among dogs and came by its name by virtue of its blue blood, not because of any special adaptation for scenting the blood of criminals.

All members of the cat family like catnip. It has a stimulating effect on lions, tigers, bobcats, lynx, and cougars, as well as cats.



PRIZE-WINNING PHOTOGRAPH
By Mrs. Arthur Kent

Care of Your Dog

GIVE your dog a good bed, writes Angelo Patri in a copyrighted article (Bell Syndicate). Usually dogs, especially the kind that belong to children, are outdoor animals. That does not mean that they can stay out in all weathers. Far from it. They must be sheltered from storms just as children have to be. But they do not need to be kept as warm. They prefer a cool place. And a rather cool bed. Down cushions and that sort of thing are not good for dogs. Give them a clean, heavy mat, in a sheltered corner of the barn or kennel, keep it off the floor if there is any dampness, and he will like it.

In winter, keep him warmer. He can't endure zero weather without protection. It sounds foolish to say that, because everybody is supposed to know it, but I have known people who thought they were kind to their dogs to put them out at night and shut the door behind them. "Put the dog out," and out he went without a roof over him, or a bed under him.

Your dog friend has to depend upon your good will and service for his drink. Don't fail him. Keep his dish clean and full of good water.

Teach a child to cherish his dog. They will grow together and do each other a lot of good. But don't get the dog until the child is a responsible, friendly young person who knows what caring for a dog friend means.



"TIPPY," PRIZE-WINNING PHOTOGRAPH
By Lewis A. Babb

Wild Canada Geese

Lewis Keyes

All season by far Northern waters they
play,

While the bright days of summer go by;
But the Southland is calling, and now
they're away

On their cloud-bordered road through the
sky.

Behind their wild leader on fast beating
wings,

They are leaving the winter and snow;
O'er mountain and river their flying song
rings,

As hurrying southward they go.

With dews of dark midnight their pinions
are wet,

But warm Southern playgrounds to find;
They're hurtling onward without a regret
For the land they are leaving behind.

What matter to them if the winter winds
blow,

When at last their long journey is done;
They're away from the ice and the cold and
the snow,

For a long holiday in the sun.

But Canada's lakes call again in the spring,
Haunts far from the cities of men;

Then some sunny morning, they're all on
the wing,

And bound for the Northland again.

The bald eagle is protected by federal law in the United States and possessions. The young are three years old when they attain adult plumage. This bird's many attributes, including size, strength, keen vision, and swift, powerful flight, led to its selection as the national emblem.



THE KILLDEER NESTS IN NEW YORK'S CENTRAL PARK

The World's Noisiest Island

EWEN K. PATTERSON

OFF the southern coast of Australia is Babel Island, a tiny speck, which, although uninhabited by man, is regarded as the world's noisiest island during the months from September to April. So noisy is it during this period that no human being could possibly stay there for any length of time.

It was because of the noise that the island was named Babel in 1770 by its discoverer, Captain Flinders. The reason for the noise is that it comes from the largest mutton-bird rookery known on the globe. Every September countless millions of these great ocean wanderers arrive at Babel to breed, traveling thousands of miles across the Pacific from the Arctic regions, where they spend from April to September each year, being known there as "seal-birds."

On their great migratory flight they travel in a dense, black cloud formation, their wings creating a noise that baffles description. Some uncanny instinct guides them to Babel, which has been their favorite nesting-place for centuries. They never land until dusk, when they immediately scuttle into burrows that have been used by their kind for ages. The entire island is honeycombed with burrows, 18 inches or so deep, and after mating each pair occupies a burrow. The female lays only one egg; she sits on the nest for 24 hours after laying, then the male takes charge for 14 days, during which the female feeds him; afterwards they sit on alternate days. When the nestling appears after six weeks the parents take turns flying

to sea to secure food for the offspring.

Dawn each morning marks the gathering of the birds preparatory to the day's fishing. The black-garbed creatures come scrambling from their murky dungeons and race to assembly grounds—open spaces on the beaches upon which they can conveniently converge. In the pale light this strange rally of the feathered hordes creates an eerie sensation among humans fortunate enough to be spectators.

When the birds are all ready, the first batch, as if at a given signal, sails out to sea; another and another follow, wave after wave, and by sunrise the black battalions are away out over the sea, soaring and dipping above the sparkling waters. If by chance a parent bird is delayed in leaving at dawn with the others, it will stay in its burrow all day, rather than venture out alone in the bright daylight.

It is when the birds return at night and are greeted by their mates and young that the island becomes noisy. Noisy! It is impossible to imagine the noise the birds make. They reproduce every conceivable sound—the crooning of doves, the clucking of hens, the petulant crying of children, the mewing of cats, the bleating of sheep—all blending into one continuous chorus, creating a pandemonium of cries so weird and uncanny that anyone landing on the island after dark and unaware of the presence of the birds would most assuredly think he had come upon an island of lost souls. The uproar continues all night, usually slackening a little after midnight, but breaking out again worse than ever just before dawn.

Birds in Central Park

The killdeer is one of the birds which nests in New York City and makes its winter home in Panama, where Mrs. Gladys Gordon Fry, the "Bird Lady," found it in February. In New York's Central Park, Mrs. Fry has led city dwellers on bird walks for the past decade. She finds the Park a haven for migratory birds and in her "bird identification" classes, in which residents of Long Island, Westchester and New Jersey participate annually, she uses the Park as her laboratory. No less than 147 migrant species have been identified by walkers in the bird sanctuary in the heart of the Park. There Mrs. Fry identified 190 species last spring on bird walks beginning at dawn, in which business men, concert singers, physicians, lawyers, and a tailor participated each week-end.

The Hummer's Flight

McLeod Orford

*I saw a feathered jewel today
Pass swiftly on his southern way;
His heart seemed light, his courage high,
Though there are dangers in the sky.*

*He seemed to feel that somehow he
O'er countless miles of land and sea
Would always find the beacon light
That guides the hosts in migrant flight.*

*Though stormy clouds may fill the sky
We know he still will onward fly
And when at last his journey's done
He'll bask beneath the southern sun.*

*I wonder when I make my flight
Into the mysteries of the night
If I shall find a friendly star
To guide me to some home afar.*

Night Visitor

LUTHER CLARK

WE had intended to set breakfast for the birds, the children and I. With much care, we had spread nuts and seeds upon the back doorsteps, intent upon studying nature at close range when morning came. But now, although the night was inky dark, and the birds were certainly not feeding, we heard the tinkle of our tin of water as it tumbled off the top step.

I said, "Tobe's horning in." It would have been like him, for he was a toy bulldog who felt compelled to investigate everything. I went for my flashlight, stepped out on the porch, and lighted up the intended breakfasting place.

The ray of light shone into a pair of the softest, most lustrous eyes I had ever beheld. They were set in a tiny head, attached to a furry, brown body. For moments, the little newcomer gazed wide-eyed into the light; then it spread its "wings" and scurried away. The visitor was a flying squirrel.

There is no forest dweller more gentle or unobtrusive; it is a miniature package of beauty. Strictly nocturnal, it sleeps the greater part of the day, and as a consequence, it is rarely seen during an ordinary stroll through the woods.

Its "wings" are really a web of skin, attached to the ankles and forefeet. When extended, the web allows the animal to glide from tree to tree, a practice which seems to afford it much enjoyment. As it sails about, it resembles a toy monoplane.

Unless a thickly-wooded area is nearby, one stands little, or no chance of being visited at home by a flying squirrel. The little glider does not venture far from its natural surroundings. But, from this experience, I can vouch for the joy of being host to such a guest.

Bob-Whites at Play

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photograph by the Author



BOB-WHITE AND ENGLISH SPARROW

ANIMALS love to play. True, the instinct to play varies considerably with the species, some playing almost continually, others being much more staid and playing far less often. Childhood and youth are the periods when play figures most largely in the daily routine.

Man is a highly playful animal, especially in his youth, hence we have baseball, football, basketball and hundreds of other games and pastimes. Horses and cattle are far less playful, though both calves and colts caper, kick up their heels and prance. Cats and dogs, on the other hand, are among the most playful of all animals. Who hasn't watched and been delighted by the many antics of kittens and puppies? Because kittens and puppies are inveterate players they make the best of pets for children.

Birds also play, at least some of them, though the instinct varies a good deal with the species. Naturally, it is the young one most often finds playing. Chickens love to pick at bright things and to carry them around. They also flap their wings, run rapidly for a short distance, stop abruptly, have mock fights, and do other amusing things.

The young of the ruffed grouse throw their heads back on their shoulders, stick out their chests, spread their tails, drag their wings, and strut and display. True, these are phenomena connected with courting and mating, but they also must be ways of playing, otherwise why are such antics indulged in by the young in

late summer and early autumn?

Like the ruffed grouse, bob-white also likes to play. We have long had bobwhites for near neighbors but it was not until recently that I discovered that they like to play. I was standing at the window one autumn day when about twenty of these birds came out from beneath a red cedar and grape trellis and began to play. First, one flapped his wings, ran rapidly a short distance, turned abruptly and rejoined his comrades. Soon another did the same, another and still another until a half-dozen of them were in motion at once. No sooner were they through than others took a turn, the birds getting livelier and livelier the longer I watched them. How vigorously they flapped their wings and ran, going faster and faster as the game progressed. By and by some of them began to fly to the lower branches of the cedar, the wires of the fence, or a near-by fence post. Three or four ran to a box-elder that stood ten or twelve feet away, flew upward, alighted on its branches, sat there a few moments, then dropped back to the ground.

It was not a rough and tumble game like those engaged in by kittens and puppies, nor did it last long, though the birds seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. These birds, I am sure, would play more did they not need to be continually on their guard against enemies and dangers.

Please remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.

The Band of Mercy or Junior Humane League

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Fifteen new Bands of Mercy were reported during August; seven in Virginia and four each in Pennsylvania and Texas.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 259,478.

Just as you now play a piece without the music, and do not think what notes you strike, though once you picked them out by slow and patient toil, so, if you begin of set purpose, you will learn the law of kindness in utterance so perfectly that it will be second nature to you and make more music in your heart than all the songs the sweetest voice has ever sung.

FRANCES E. WILLARD



MALE DWARF HERMIT THRUSH
A matchless singer

"Bum"

From "Cheerio," Author Unknown

He's a little dog with a stubby tail, and a moth-eaten coat of tan,
And his legs are of the wobbly sort, I doubt if he ever ran;
And he howls at night, while in broad daylight he sleeps like a blooming log
And he likes the feed of a gutter breed, he's a most irregular dog.

I call him "Bum," and in total sum, he's all that his name implies,
For he's just a tramp, with a highway stamp, that culture cannot disguise,
And his friends, I've found in the streets abound, be they urchins or dogs or men,
Yet he sticks to me, with a fiendish glee; it is tricky beyond ken.

I talk to him when I'm lonesome like and I'm sure that he understands
When he looks at me so attentively and gently licks my hands,
Then he rubs his nose on my tailored clothes but I never say ought thereat
For the good Lord knows, I can buy more clothes, but never a friend like that.

So my good old pal, my irregular dog, my stub-tailed friend,
Has become a part of my very heart, to be cherished till lifetime's end,
And on judgment day, if I take the way where the righteous stay,
If my dog is barred by the Heavenly guard, we'll both of us have to pray.

It's Molting Time for Birds

NORMA M. MCGARRY

THE old school-book poem, telling us of "melancholy days," comes often to mind every autumn. In the northern parts of this continent that saddest time of the year is rapidly approaching.

Why do the birds seem to sing less at this time of the year? Well, this is no imaginary conclusion. They actually do sing much less. They are molting and no longer feel the natural urge to sing. Their gaiety of spirits and cheery manners give place to a period of dumphishness. Autumn is coming fast and the gaudy spring apparel of many birds changes now to a more somber hue.

When the song of birds is at its best, all of nature is humming with activity. Trees are bursting into leaf and our gardens working overtime to profit and delight us.

Until the middle of July most birds seem to be fairly bursting with song. There seems to be some important relationship between their singing time and the mating instinct. But as the hot, dry weather rushes along, the birds seem to lag and grow tired of singing so much.

Some birds as, for instance, the song sparrow, sing during every month of the year, except for the forepart of the month of August. Even the wrens grow silent, noisy as they are at other times of the spring and summer. But the beautiful little wild canary or goldfinch takes the place of many other birds and suddenly he and his companions come in waves of delight at this time.

In seeking an explanation for the reason why birds molt at this season, naturalists tell us that a bird's feathers seem to be so constructed that once they become mature, their pulpy quill tissue either dries up or is absorbed through the skin. And, apparently, in preparation

for the migratory flight with its accompanying strain, the frayed and worn feathers are replaced by a brand-new coat.

Many song birds molt both in spring and fall. Hawks are thought to molt during the winter, while eagles appear to molt gradually over the whole year. Geese have a distressing time at molting, losing all their pinions at once. They cannot fly at such times and must perforce await their new feathers. A visit to the Zoo on August 24 revealed four peacocks in a sorry condition, their beautiful tail-feathers were almost gone. The birds were looking very subdued. Were they quite aware of the fact that they didn't look up to par?

Another evidence of the marvelous provision that Nature makes in looking after her own lies in the fact that birds molt gradually. Very few birds are ever left entirely bare. Yet some are so completely shorn of their strong feathers that they go into hiding until the new ones appear. Without feathers they are completely defenseless and their enemies would find them quite easily. But Nature looks after them in her usual efficient manner. Just as snakes cast their skins, crabs and other shell-fish cast their shells, horses grow longer coats of hair in winter, as well as cats and dogs, so also the birds grow new coats of feathers to meet their needs which change as the months go by.

Naturalists maintain there are at least eleven species of birds in the United States now threatened with extinction. They are: the bald eagle, California condor, sage grouse, sand-hill crane, Ross' goose, greater snow goose, Attwater's prairie chicken, and four species of kites.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

At the Zoo

LOIS SNELLING

*I went for a visit to the zoo one day,
And saw how the elephant eats his hay.
I watched the lions as they proudly stalked,
And listened to parrots who chattered and talked.
Behind his bars, in a coat of brown,
A lonely bear paced up and down,
And the camel seemed too tired to pack
The rounded hump in the middle of his back.
The monkeys shinnied about with vim,
And munched the peanuts handed them.
But the strangest thing I saw at the zoo
Was a long-legged mamma kangaroo.
Her baby peeped from a pouch she had
In front of her for the little tad.
And the ostrich, too, was a funny sight,
With his handsome plumes and his lofty height.
I learned a lot at the zoo that day,
But I wasn't quite happy as I went away.
I longed to open each gate with a key,
And let the animals all go free.*

"Bucephalus"

ELSIE GRANT HENSON

THE story of "Bucephalus" shows that it pays to be kind to dumb animals. His ox-like head gave this coal-black charger his name. Long ago in Macedonia Bucephalus was brought before King Phillip who wanted to buy him. Young Alexander, the prince, watched rider after rider being thrown by the horse. In a rage the king ordered the horse away, saying it was vicious.

"Wait, father!" Alexander begged. "What a pity so fine an animal should be sent away. Let me ride him!"

To give him a good lesson the king permitted his son to try. Alexander was wise—he tried kindness. He turned the quivering animal so it could not see its shadow. He petted Bucephalus, talking to him in soothing tones.

Because Alexander proved he could ride the horse, the king gave Bucephalus to his son.

When Alexander became king he always rode Bucephalus. The horse was always kind and gentle to his master. During a battle, when spears fell on every side, the horse showed such devotion that the world was deeply moved. Disobeying his master, Bucephalus refused to go on into battle. Alexander was hurt that his faithful horse should disobey until he learned the truth. Bucephalus was mortally wounded. After carrying his master far from danger, the horse sank to the ground and died. Alexander was deeply touched by this last act of devotion. Monuments have been erected to the faithful Bucephalus. How plainly this old tale shows that an animal repays kindness with devotion.



Photo by W. Henry Boller

BOON COMPANIONS

Friend Indeed!

F. J. WORRALL

HAVE you a dog in your home? If so, you are lucky for nowhere in the world will one find a heart that beats with more loyal devotion.

No move of yours escapes his watchful eye. He "dogs" your every step jealously, guards you protectively, you are his world.

Do you feel blue and disgusted at times with everything in general? Of course you do. Then, you flop yourself into an easy chair and bury your face in your hands. What happens? A cold nose nuzzles itself between your fingers sympathetically, trying hard to give you the comfort you need. If, in an impatient mood, you sometimes even turn on "Old Faithful," he crouches unhappily at your feet, a picture of abject woe. If you illtreat him in a burst of temper (which Heaven forbid) his sensitive spirit cowers in the depths of despair. His whole world topples about him.

Forgotten and forgiven always are the thoughtless little hurts and the cross words of your unworthy self.

But let Fortune smile upon you with the world at your feet, his canine happiness knows no bounds.

Children, be good to your dog for you will never find another friend like him.

Song Sparrow

May Allread Baker

*Safe sheltered in the leafy, hazel thicket
He sings, each morn, his heart away to me;
And in the solemn hush of early twilight
I hear, again, his bed-time melody.*

*How shall I find words eloquent and moving
To tell, in verse, the beauty of his lay?
As clean and pure as vesper bells at
twilight,
As sweet and vernal as the merry May.*

*As golden as the forest aisles, sun-dappled,
As crystal clear as fern-fringed mountain
streams.
Oh, only God could give you this, sweet
singer—
The song that poets weave into their
dreams!*

Nature's Living Barometers

E. R. YARHAM

IN England no longer can we listen to the B.B.C. giving out the weather report for the next 24 hours, or read it in the press. All forecasts are forbidden, but this ban has its recompenses.

Instead we turn to Nature's living barometers, and by now a good many of us are as expert as the fisherman and the ploughman in reading the face of the sky, and in interpreting the actions of animals, birds, and even insects. For they are among the most reliable of all weather prophets.

Country folk all over Britain swear by that intelligent bird, the rook. When rooks go on foraging expeditions a long way from their rookery, it is an indication that the weather will be fine. If they feed close to the trees, wet and stormy weather is about. These theories are firmly believed in and, being based on long observation, they undoubtedly contain a lot of truth.

In summer the rooks will sometimes congregate before sunset on the fallows and will remain motionless till it is dark. They are "saying their prayers," and next day is certain to be fine. Cock pheasants are unsettled when stormy weather is about and they have a marvelously keen sense of hearing, calling when they hear thunder in the distance. They are unexcelled as air raid alarms in the country, giving warning of the approach of planes. Owls are excellent weather forecasters, too. A wood owl calling frequently at night always foretells rain.

Gulls come inland on the approach of rough weather. They know when a cold spell is about to break up, and when they go back to the cliffs a change for the better is to be looked for. It is easy to tell when cold weather is on the way to the British Islands, in autumn, for

the redwings come in hosts from Northern Europe. There is an old saying that frosts follow hard on these birds.

Domestic animals retain much of this weather sense. Before wild weather cats are quiet, and old country folk declare that if the family cat sleeps with its back to the fire and the back of its head to the ground, it is time to look out for snow.

When pigs race about with straws in their mouths they can "see the wind." Donkeys bray, cattle butt each other and dogs howl before wild weather. In summer a sure indication of fine weather is the sight of butterflies resting on the heads of grasses and flowers. If rain is about they will hide themselves away. In winter in the woods the squirrels will come out when a spell of mild weather is due. If spiders are inactive it is a sign of rain. During a wet period, if they seem unusually busy fine weather is sure to follow soon. On the mountain sides in winter, when snow is imminent the sheep will go of their own accord into the valleys, avoiding hollows where the snow would be likely to accumulate.

Teach Kindness to Animals

by using these outstanding silent
FILMS

THE BELL OF ATRI

illustrating Longfellow's poem
of the same title,

and

IN BEHALF OF ANIMALS

showing the practical work of the
Massachusetts S. P. C. A., the
Angell Animal Hospital and the
Rest Farm for Horses. For terms
of rental or sale

Address
Secretary, 180 Longwood Ave.
Boston

Liberal Annuity Rates

Both of our Societies offer you semi-annually during your lifetime a fixed income on the sum given. Depending upon your age at the time of the gift, the rate varies from 4½% to 9% per annum, beginning at age 45.

ADVANTAGES

No coupons to clip, no papers to sign and mail. You simply receive your checks at stated intervals—that's all there is to it.

Annuity agreements are frequently used to provide for the future years of a loved one whose present income is temporary or insufficient.

It is no experiment,

There is no anxiety,

No fluctuations in rate of income,

No waste of your estate by a will contest.

* * * * *

Persons of comparatively small means may, by this arrangement, obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of unfortunate animals.

The management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, will be glad to furnish further details.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts, Boston Office; 180 Longwood Avenue. Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitled the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining Life	20 00	Annual	1 00
Children's			\$0.75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of.....dollars, (or, if other property, describe the property).

